

Maybe She Will Marry a Crown, After All, Since Her Lover Has Gone and Engaged Himself to a Plain Girl Slightly His Senior

OFE? What is it worth nowadays? Lovers? Are they ever true? Marriage? Why, it merely gives a lien on a title, not on a heart.

Girls whose adorers prove forsworn have asked themselves those questions ever since lovers have forsaken them; and the answers have always been the same, always been bitter with the accents of despair.

Beautiful Princess Patricia of Connaught is the latest of her sex to feel the tragedy of love's desertion. Romance the world over is the loser by her loss. The most thrilling example of fidelity in hopeless devotion since the days of Heloise and Abelard has failed to stand the test of only a little time

Princess Pat's most noted worship the lover who shared with her the symp er, of all England over their unhappy pathy the young, good-looking, wealth of plight, of Anglesey, has turned recree manquis which glaves and has betroth and to love's swoman old; than he is high ed himself to a roman old, than he is himself himself to a joile Manit the least handself—Lady Mardaughters wed Triduke c Isome of the three But ship about the of Rutland.

Plain I consider the of Rutland.

plain to describe on the Rutland brood, who is a descendant of Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall. One can almost hear Princess Pat's pretty lips uttering that concession in the tone forsaken women have used for it time out of mind. However wholly his princess may still possess his heart, clever Lady Marjorie has caught the man, which is more than her royal rival was able to do.
And what will Princess Pat do now,

poor thing? Marry some kinglet or prince, perhaps, just to show people that she never did care for a man who hadn't the gallantry to wait for her until they should both die and then be united in heaven.

HERE are wiseacres in fashionable London

HERE are wiseacres in fashionable London society who will pretend to remember the precise hour when young Anslessy first lost his heart to Princess Patricla's keeping. The date they fix, and the occasion, meet in the magnificent ball given by the duchess of Wesiminster, in Greavenor House, in June, 1801, when he claimed the princess for haif a dozen dances, and the pair of them outraged all the roles laid down for royalty's teserve in the matter of selecting partners.

But that was morely an episode, a trivial incident of delight in the pathway of their romance no doubt entered upon long before. He didn't "meet" her there for the first time. They were stready more than sequantances, and the goesip that sprang fire instent itveliners, with the sage comments on the way he went right up to her without waiting for the summons of the equerry to signify her royal pleasure, had it that her father, the duke of Connaught, would be only too giad to acknowledge him as a son-in-law.

For the Princess Pat is almost as poor as she is beautiful levely, amiable and talented. If she were quite as poor, she would be just about starving, for she is admitted to possess all these merits and attractions in superlative measure. But she isn't rich; there for the first time. They were strendy more than sequininances, and the gossip that sprang into instant livelines, with the sage comments on the way he went right up to her without waiting for the summons of the equerry to signify her royal pleasure, had it that her father, the duke of Copnangalt, would be only too glad to acknowledge him as a son-in-law. For the Princess Par is almost as poor as she to heautiful, lovely, annuable and tailented if she were quite as poor, bhe would be just about starving, for the samilited to possess all these merits and attractions in superlative measure. But she isn't rich;

and the Connaughts could use a multimilitionaire in their business more than handily.

Angiesey is the multimilitionaire, and that in apple of the fact that the marquis whom he succeeded died a bankrupt. Shortly after his accession to his title, coal was discovered in his great estate of Beaudesert, and his income now is \$400.000 a year, with early prospects of \$1,000.000. He is the head of the noble house of Paget, 27 years old, owner of a number of splenuld residences, and of estates and valuable leased properties, which were cleared of incumbrances by the death of his predecessor and the collection of life insurances carried by the creditors. He is one of the great catches in English society, and esteemed a very personable, decent young fellow in the bargain.

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Notody saw, at first, any incongruity in his aspirations to marriage with that branch of the royal family from which Patricia springs. The late duke of Fife had won the daughter of King Edward while that monarch was still prince of Wales, and virtually certain of becoming the ruler of Great Britain. The cases were not quite parallel, for young Anglesey's aspiration was scarcely so presumptuous as had been the duke's, for the lady's father is utterly out of the line of probable succession. And the duke's rank, before his wedding gained him advancement, was no higher than that of Anglesey, who is not only marquis of Anglesey, but earl of Uxbridge and Baron Paget. Then, ioo, there was the duke of Argyll, who married a slater of King Edward. Love had found the way before Princess Pat's time; the onlookers at the pretty romance were sure it would find the way again.

## NO LOVERS NEED APPLY

Rut it didn't. Yet, as the years wore on a generally acknowledged that the fair print it was undisputed sway over the young noblemates held tions; and she gave every evidence that his affections and them aplenty. Alford have given his kingdom for her aso of Spain would none of him. The crown pri hand; but she would unfortunate heir to the late times of Portugal, that his father's cruel fate, we king Carlow, who shared jected. The eligibles of his proposed to her and reher dainty head like four opean royalty buzzed about Pat just let it be i bees around a flower; but pretty to wed a foreign shown that she really didn't care souls, both of acr; and her parents—fond, indulgent marry whose them—declared their little girl should. No you in she pleased.

Ilish socking man can hold Anglesey's position in Engagric active without being reported engaged to one whose fer another. Once, it was Gladys Vanderbilt, for the gorgeous refurnishing of his numerous resignees. Again, it was winsome Billice Burke because Billee had a swain pursuing her in Washington who was Anglesey's living image. Great Britain got all worked up over it, and king Edward let it be shown publicly that, while he had a soft spot in his

Who Has Chosena Plain To Oberthan Himself

happened to have the good luck to choose a mother with brains.

That's what every one said of the duchess of Rutland. A good many confessed the suspicion that her brains are a little addied, because it is the stodgy British way to believe that any one who differs from British conventions must be criminal or crazy. To be sure, they have often intimated that her grace is a triffe, just a triffe, indiscreet in the daring innovations of her attire; but she's a duchess, you know, and one really must refrain from undermining the pillars of society. So it is more considerate to think her simply a little original and daring, not to say risque.

The cold truth has been that the Rutlands are peor-for a dukedom; and the duchess has had to make intelligence do the work of money. She has managed to keep herself and her three daughters, pretty and plain, in the limelight of fashion by hurling defiance at every one of fashion's decrees. You couldn't go to a fashionable affair, where all the other women were turned out by costly modistes at outrageous prices, along the selfsame lines, without being struck by a stray vision of Greek simplicity, or criental gorgeousness, glowing like a star astray among mortals. The stray star usually proved to be the duchess of Rutland, or one of her three girls.

Sometimes the girls, being young and human, rebeiled and shrieked for a tailor-made; they weren't all loles, meekly reverent of their mother's preclous thoughts. But she ground them down with the iron heel of economy and primped them up with the fine arts of the past, until they themselves came to be regarded as quite brilliant and original creatures, inheriting the maternal genius.

That was the way Lady Violet succeeded in making her match with the Hon, Hugo Francis Charteris

Lasty Mar por to Manners, Whom the Marguis of Anglescoy

last year—a very advantageous one all around. And it was the way the duchess, their actute mother, planned the marriage of Lord Anglesey for one of her remaining girls—Diana, the beauty, or Marjorie, the older, she didn't care much which, although Lady Marjorie, now 22, certainly ought to be off the maternal hands as zoon as possible.

She is a good deal like Princess Patricia in her record of rejections; and she came mighty near to being her defeated rival's own sister-in-law, for nearly ten years ago the royal circle was in diredistress because Prince Arthur of Connaught swore by every princely vow he could think of that he'd marry her or quit the royal bed and board provided by his father. But King Edward came out flatfooted against it, and that ended clever Marjorie's hopes of a royal alliance.

Since then, such sultors as the marquis of Stafford and Craig Wadsworth, the American polo player, have been classed among her captives; but she refused to wed until young Anglesey, two years. The confirmed hasn't quite recovered from its horror

England hasn't quite recovered from its horror of a lover daring to quit the service of its admired Princess Pat, however hopeless might be his love and however obdurate the royal beauty. But when it does no one will be surprised to hear the theory broached that Anglesey and Lady Marjorle, both balked in their affections for royal sister and brother, found it natural to take consolation in each other's love.

New Ways of Making Diamonds

Making and growing diamonds by the use of ordinary illuminating gas and mercury is something that will interest jewelers, though it is doubtful if these manufactured gems will have any commercial value.

In his consular report from Antwerp, Belgium, issued in the Daily Consular and Trade Re Henry W. Diederick says of the new diamonds:



nervously flipping triggers of revolvers they are afraid of themselves; or it may be a feud carried across the seas from Sicily; or it may be a campaign of bombs, designed to persuade a prosperous grocer to surrender his poor profits. But all of them present to the stern front of the law features as inscrutable as the sphinx's. And there are some of them that do worse The witnesses on the stand previously flory in

their demand for punishment of a murderer, or persuaded by the police to tell what they know after long sieges of argument and judicious applications of the dreaded third degree, suddenly halt in the middle of an uttered word, their mouths agape, an expression of cold horror staring from

Somewhere, somehow, those witnesses have been given the awful sign of death; and their consternation speedily makes way for an obduracy which no threats of imprisonment, no guaranties of safeguard, can prevail against.

had read the death sign used by his own familiars in had read the death sign used by his own familiars in the American crook's silent language of crime. It is usually, though not always, in so-called Maña-cases that such startling changes of spirit are observed. The art of striking a man dumb seems to have been raised to a science by the wily, merciless criminals who operate under the appalling cloak of that kaleidoscopic organization.

organization.

An Italian does not speak of the Mafia; that is a crudity beyond the range of his more intimate knowledge. Nor does he refer to the Camorra, although the name, by common consent of his native land, may be appropriate enough. In his euphemistic phrase, and indeed officially, it is simply The Society.

The Society it is in Italy, with no qualifying noun or adjective. Mention the dread name anywhere, in any circle, and its full significance is recognized at once.

Opinions of the best informed among American detectives—among the men who have run down and hanged or electrocuted those few villains of that type who have paid the penalty they earned—still differ as to The Society's organized existence here. Most of them will admit that the long arm of the Camorra can, in emergency, reach across the sea and strike its victim down. But, for the larger part the crimes committed here, including even the most notorious of the blackmailings, are the work of separate games, having no affiliation with the terrible organization at home, but led by ploneers of some bold excursion of The Society beyond its native hounds.

But there are enough criminals, members of the real Camorra who have left their country for their country's good, to train the raw apprentice hands. They know the ritual, use the signs, practice the pitless, secret methods of The Society. The sole difference is that they methods of The Society. The sole difference is that they lack the terrible, universal loyalty which The Society itself can compel at home. But, since their methods speedly create a local organization large enough for its local purposes of extortion and, when need arises, of murder, the end is reached here too often to let many of their compatriots earn an honest dollar in peace. And every man or boy, and even every woman, whose nationality qualifies them to understand the verbal threat of death, comprehend as well the fearful significance of the

The gaiing witness on the stand may have seen, far The gajing witness on the stand may have seen, far-back among the spectators, a forefinger suddenly drawn from left to right across its owner's throat-done like a lightning fissh, but unmistakable in its resemblance to a knife slashing deep into the pulsing column of life. He knows. And he instantly ceases his disclosures, in sure knowledge that, if he proceed, his throat will be cut before he uses it for conversational purposes many boxes longer.

hours ionger.
Or he may see simply a more or less grimy foreinger Or he may see simply a more or less grimy foreinger laid across a pair of pursed lips. That means silence the world over; teachers in the kindergartens have used it to their babbling charges. But the man who is speaking comprehends it is an admonition to silence that carries with it a threat of spme punishment so dire—he is

left to imagine what-that he shuts his own mouth like

left to imagine what—that he shuts his own mouth like a sealed vault.

The man who meets another—perhaps a complete stranger to him—on the street of a mining town will stare in horror if that stranger shut his hand and, holding it at the level of his hip, make feint of driving a knife at him. An hour or, at most, a day later the menaced miner flees the town—and counts himself lucky if he is not surread year. if he is not pursued year after year until the mock thrust

of the silection to his abdomen is made a reality,

Or he may encounter a friend, a fellow-member of
the little Camorra into which he has been forced, like
nearly all the rest; for there are hundreds of fundamentally honest and decent fellows who are in these conspiracles because they have been terrorized into Johing,
as those rejuctant pirates of old were given choice of the
plank or the black fing. The friend, passing, draws his
foreinger down his own cheek and readily occases the orennger down his own cheek and rapidly crosses the first imaginary line with another that runs from side to side. The victim knows that he is under suspicion or, perhaps, found guilty by his fellow-blackmailers of some minor treachery; his doom is to have his cheek slashed with a stiletto in gashes which shall mark him with a cross that cannot fade so long as his life lasts, making him a perpetual warning to all of the danger of betraying his accomplices or of disobeying any of their behests.

## GRIM WARNINGS

Both the sign of the slashed cheek and the sign of the stillette thrust are grim, warning substitutes for san-guinary realities of which the victim has had ample pre-liminary knowledge. In the secret meetings of his imi-tation Camorra he has learned that the knife cross on the cheek is a mild but certain admonitory penalty for infraction of Camorra rules and chics; he may have even seen some associate in evil who wears in the meet-

even seen some associate in evil who wears in the meeting the disfiguring evidence of a former offense.

The stiletto thrust, which is the sign of sure death, is part of the ritual of initiation. The neophyte is stood up among the members and the chief recites the fable of The Society's reason for existence—a crude allegory of a fruit-laden tree and of a boy who, sent up in the branches to gather the fruit, took tell at his pleasure of the tempting crop he found. It symbolizes The Society's toil of blackmail levied on society and its distribution among chiefs and members. Around the fleeting Camponament chiefs and members. among chiefs and members. Around the fledgling Camor-rist the old criminals stand in a circle, with their sti-lettos drawn and the deadly points, held hip high, directed all around him at his waist line. He knows that any serious violation of his terrible oath will bring one or more of those pitliess stilettos flashing into his very bowels, and inflicting perforations of the intestines, from

which even modern surgery, with all its miracles, holds out virtually no hope of recovery. Among the innumerable signs and gestures familiar to the criminals banded together in The Society—for they